

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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Wilfred Campbell

with kindest regards

from ~~Alfred Adcock~~  
1916.

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SONGS OF THE WORLD-WAR







# SONGS OF THE WORLD-WAR

By A. <sup>Arthur</sup> St. John Adcock <sub>///</sub>

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307 SHERBORNE ST.  
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## PREFACE.

### THE REAL PACIFIST

**T**HERE is a common notion that the pacifist is a person who yearns for peace at any price. This is a mistake. The real pacifist puts a higher value upon peace than that. He knows that, like all things worth having, it is not to be had at any price, but is the costliest of blessings and only to be enjoyed by those who realise its value and are prepared to buy and pay for it ungrudgingly, without even expecting a discount on the transaction. To make peace with the enemy we are fighting to-day before we have beaten him, would be to make nothing but a blind armistice which would last until he had completed preparations for a greater, more formidable attack upon us, and no longer. Therefore, no man who is now crying for peace is a true pacifist, but a simple, involuntary warmonger who foolishly imagines there is virtue in postponing an evil day. His selfish prayer is "Lord, give us peace in our time," and

he is apparently willing that the price of that peace shall be an infinitely more terrible war for those who are to come after us. The real pacifist wants to end not merely this war, but all war ; he is no poltroon and afraid of the expense ; he is resolute to do the work thoroughly, and to do it now ; to pay the whole bill himself and see that he gets a proper receipt for his money. His sole anxiety is to know how this may best be done, not how he may save his skin by making a pious, superficial show of doing it, which will result in its being left as a still heavier burden to be borne some day by his descendants. Your real pacifist is your doughtiest fighting man, because he feels he is fighting for what is worth dying for, if he cannot live for it. He can be satisfied with no false pretence of peace, but prefers open war till he can struggle through and lay hands on the real thing.

Not many of us are saying any more what most of us were saying confidently a year ago—that this is a war to end war. We have had time to recognise that so great a boon cannot be won so easily, and that we might as reasonably expect to exterminate weeds by simply

cutting them down. War is the natural consequence of festering evils that fret at the root of our civilisation ; it is always subtly maturing, to afflict the lives of nations with periodical outbreaks, as certain horrible diseases work in an unhealthy human body. There is no cure until you cut deep down and clear away the sources of that affliction and make the whole national system clean and sane.

It is true that the race degenerates in peace, but it is not true that war is needed to regenerate it. War is only the worst stage of the degeneration, from which we rally to go on living in the old bad condition that will inevitably, sooner or later, bring about the same loathsome relapse again.

There is no remedy for this disease of war except the making of our social system honest, just, healthy, more actually Christian throughout. Then progress, instead of degeneration, would be the natural function of the body politic. We must begin the cure by drastically tearing away all our petty social hypocrisies ; by giving all things nothing but their real values, calling them by their real names ; by putting an end to our con-

temptible internecine strife, the constant war of class against class, creed against creed ; the brigandage that the strong carry on with impunity against the weak, the rich against the poor. For these are the things that make our years of peace a mockery and foster the unwholesome conditions from which war results. We know in our hearts that our present standards of value are mostly false ; our standards of honesty, morality, law, justice, righteousness, are mostly artificial and unsound ; and there can be no peace in nations, and so none in the world, until these undeniable wrongs are put right.

Take a few instances. Look into history and consider for yourself the elements from which our peerage has been created, and you will not wonder that average men chafe under subjection to some of these hereditary rulers. You will not wonder that they grow indifferent to a Church that did not protest against immorality in high places ; that acquiesced in the social rule which made pariahs of a common man's illegitimate son and of the woman who bore him, and yet was ready to honour the illegitimate sons of kings and the mothers of those



sons. I am not blaming such kings for being kind to their unfortunates, but I do say that a Church which can be so accommodating cannot hope that its teachings of morality will be taken seriously.

Apart from these considerations, is the constitution of our aristocracy calculated to satisfy modern intelligence? Whatever we may pretend, we know it is not. You cannot turn your Upper Circle into a sort of stud farm and breed great men as you would breed good horses. The pretence to an aristocracy of birth is childish and fantastic. How often have its children justified it by being half as great as their fathers? And it is a false ideal that has lent itself to the worst uses. These men, by reason of their spurious superiority, have, for example, been privileged to steal the common lands, and have still been received and respected in decent society, whilst plebeian thieves, for incomparably smaller thefts, have been sternly punished and branded as criminals and outcasts for the rest of their days.

The same unequal codes of justice and morality are rampant and popularly accepted in the commercial world. The successful company promotor who has

dodged the law and pocketed thousands of pounds and ruined thousands of his fellows by floating bogus companies ; the masterful sweater, who decorously robs his poor employees of part of their meagre earnings and adds the ill-gotten booty to his own possessions—these rogues, being wealthy, are welcomed in the best society. People are pleased and even proud to shake hands with them, though they would be ashamed to be seen with the poorer, more straightforward rascal who has been duly punished for snatching a purse from somebody who could easily afford to lose it.

One might go on and talk of the scores of other such gross hypocrisies and unrealities of our public life—the terrible humbug of the party system in politics ; the selling of honours to men whose sole merit often is that, by questionable means, they have amassed enough wealth to be able to contribute potently to the funds of one of the great parties ; and other sordid and dishonourable practices that are tolerated in our social organisation—but it would be superfluous. These inequalities, injustices, meannesses, immoralities, are matters of general knowledge ; they are

as old as sin ; they have become engrained into our system and are the main cause of our national lack of health. We cannot hope to end war till we have removed the causes of that disease and rendered the life of peace wholesome and really liveable.

Four centuries ago that great, large-hearted Englishman, Sir Thomas More, writing of our economic and social ideals, said : “ The richer sort are often endeavouring to bring the hire of labourers lower, not only by their fraudulent practices, but by the laws which they procure to be made to that effect ; so that, though it is a thing most unjust in itself, to give such small rewards to those who deserve so well of the public, yet they have given these hardships the name and colour of justice by procuring laws to be made for regulating them. Therefore I must say that, as I hope for mercy, I can have no notion of all the Governments that I see and know than that they are a conspiracy of the rich who, on pretence of managing the public, only pursue their private ends and devise all the ways and arts they can find out, first, that they may, without danger, preserve all that they have

so ill acquired, and then that they may engage the poor to toil and labour at as low rates as possible, and oppress them as much as they please."

If Sir Thomas could return from his grave, he would find that what was true when he wrote it, four hundred years ago, is nearly all true still. Yet we boast of the advance of civilisation. Such reforms as have come to pass in the interval, the poor have had to fight for and to win for themselves; though we acknowledge now that they were no more than bare justice, it is significant that they were never conceded voluntarily—Christian people though we profess to be. There can be no peace till we do right by one another; the evil in us will never cease to break out into wars abroad until it is remedied and ceases to break out in frequent strikes at home.

Meanwhile, we are telling each other that we are up against realities nowadays. In God's name let us keep there. Let us make a good beginning of ending war by seeing to it that this one ends in the doing of strict and impartial justice. Let us begin by treating war as the rascally crime against humanity which it really is. Strip it of its false glamour,



its false glory and dignity, its cheap trappings of romance, and we may succeed at least in curbing it, as we have curbed piracy and garrotting, and other forms of barbarous and dishonest self-assertion. War has been too long the sport of kings, and they have made too many good bags by it. Insist on making it the bloody crime of unscrupulous criminals, and neither kings nor the leaders of States will consider such a manifestly dirty game is worth the candle. At present, the men who make wars never risk their own skins in the firing line. When they find they cannot institute aggressive warfare without risk of danger and disgrace to themselves they will lose the desire to gamble with the lives of their own and other peoples.

Since it has been forced upon us, let us go right through with this war to a triumphant finish at all costs. We say it is a just war in defence of common human rights, and it is up to us to see to it that it is an authentic war for justice and that justice is meted out to those who are guilty of this deliberate attempt to rob and enslave their neighbours. The State is not above morality, whatever Germany may say, and you actually

cannot sanctify murder when a king or his ministers commit it on a large scale, and only make it punishable when it is done on a small scale by unimportant men. That way madness lies. And I trust with all my heart that the awakened democracies of the world are not going to subscribe to any such specious, adjustable law at this time of day. There is a growing demand among the humaner races of mankind that equal justice should be done upon regal breakers of international law as it is done on those minor criminals who break the laws of nations. They must be held responsible at the bar of civilisation, or we must, for very shame, forfeit the right to send our petty scoundrels to the prison cells or the gallows.

\* The Lords of Germany have not even stopped short at murder on the battlefield; and I, for one, shall lose some faith in the sagacity and fairness of the democracies if, in due season, such a man as von Bissing does not take his stand in the dock of an international police-court and undergo his trial and proper sentence for the assassination of Edith Cavell, as any ordinary butcher would for any ordinary murder. And there are

like the Duke of Cumberland      xxii  
after his Victory on Drum Mossie Muir '68  
When his Aide James Wolfe, informed him  
that he (Wolfe) was not a Butcher, and the Tragers

others as high and higher than von Bissing who must, if our demand for equal rights, our assertion that justice is no respecter of persons are not to pass for the idlest nonsense, take their turn in the same dock and answer in the same fashion for the hundreds of unarmed men and women and innocent children who have been systematically done to death far away from the fighting zone.

It is for the democracies to do this thing—to insist on administering one clear code of justice for all men. When we do this—when we deprive war of its foolish, gaudy pomp and pride of circumstance, give it its rightful place in the Newgate Calendar, treat it frankly as a blackguardly outrage against human life and happiness—then we shall have taken the first practical step towards putting an end to it, because we shall have taken the first step towards purifying our public life and no longer permitting that to be glorious in the highest which is villainous in the lowest.



1913-14

THE PEACE OF THE  
PACIFIST





## INDIFFERENCE

BREAK Thou my heart, dear Lord, lest  
I should die :

The world's gross business has so  
husked and grown  
Round it and stricken it with death that  
I—

Once touched by sorrows other lives  
have known—  
I cannot even feel the griefs that are my  
own.

Thus living but as Thy dumb creatures  
do,  
Careless, estranged from tears and  
inward smart,  
This stark indifference, subtly creeping  
through,  
Numbs and has cramped my life in  
every part,  
And I shall die, dear Lord, unless Thou  
break my heart.

Scourge me with dread of what to-  
morrow brings,  
With sharp regret, the soul's restora-  
tive ;  
It is but death that feels no wintry  
stings

Nor any thrill that sunnier days can  
give :  
Break Thou my heart, then, Lord, that  
I may live.

## THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

AMID the City's dust and din  
Your patient feet have trod ;  
Wherever sorrow is, or sin,  
You do the work of God.

You seem in many a shadowed place  
A glory from above,  
The peace of Heaven in your face,  
And in your heart its love.

Your brow is lined with others' cares  
And aches for others' needs ;  
You bless the dying with your prayers,  
The living with your deeds.

You sow the wayside hope that lives  
Where else were only dearth ;  
Your love is like the rain that gives  
Heaven's secret to the earth.

The pitying thoughts that fill your eyes  
And rob your years of rest,  
That lead you still where misery sighs  
And life is all unblest,

Are as the tears that angels shed  
O'er darkened lives forlorn :  
Stars in the gloom till night has fled,  
And dew on earth at morn.

## IN THE MAKING

THE end is never afar,  
From the hour when our life begins ;  
In peace we are still at war  
For the victories no one wins ;  
The young speed on to the fray,  
The old go forward in fear,  
Yet youth may die in a day,  
And age may live for a year.

Shaped, and broken, and wrought  
Anew in the world's rough strife,  
I change in heart and in thought,  
And grope from life into life ;  
No longer now we abide  
In the world that was ours of yore,  
And I have so often died,  
I dread not death any more.

The boy that I used to be  
Is naught but an old regret—  
A something that sleeps, ay, me !  
In a grave that others forget :  
I have changed as the years have sped,  
I shall change as the years go by—  
I that was I am dead,  
And I that am I must die.



## A CITY GARDEN

I KNOW a garden most forget,  
An ancient garden small and fair,  
That seems a little heaven on earth  
Within a gaunt and crumbling square ;  
It smiles among the roaring streets,  
A hidden nook, alone, apart,  
A cage that's full of country dreams  
Caught in the sombre City's heart.

The garden, when its twinkling flowers  
Are jewelled by some April sky,  
Brightens, a chartered treasure ground  
That snares the loitering passer-by ;  
And in the centre, where the grass  
A fairy circle round it weaves,  
A slender elm-tree leaps and spreads—  
A fountain falling back in leaves.

For miles around the City throbs,  
And through the archway from the  
street  
Blow rumours of an outer world—  
The eager fret of hurrying feet,  
The endless groan and roar of wheels  
And muffled murmurs of the throng—  
All mingling to a sealike tone  
That swells and surges all day long.

On sunny eves the dingy square  
Is touched to softest lights and glooms ;  
Its dull and dusty windows shine,  
And on the lawn among the blooms  
The City's pallid children play  
With happy laughter, clear and shrill :  
Like daylight elves of years foregone  
Haunting their old-world pleasance  
still.

Till in the dusk the setting sun  
Flares on the topmost window-panes,  
And fades, and leaves them blank and  
cold ;  
And in the rooms no life remains,  
And in the silent height the stars,  
The golden flowers of night, uncloze,  
While the last bloom of sunset falls,  
Like the last petal from a rose.

Then through the lonely-echoing square  
Rare steps of some late worker sound,  
And from the emptying streets a wind  
Strays sighing through the garden-  
ground,  
And lonely stand the slumbrous trees,  
And lonely spreads the dreaming lawn,  
As if the elves of daylight slept  
In folded bud and leaf till dawn.

## THE OUTCAST

LORD CHRIST was walking lonely,  
For no one went His way.  
And He passed through London city  
All on a Christmas Day.

He passed by stately mansions ;  
He paused in squalid roads :  
“ Where are My faithful people  
Who bear each other's loads ? ”

He passed a jail, where many  
In warping durance live :  
“ But My people pray,” He murmured,  
“ Forgive us, as *we* forgive.”

He saw some soldiers learning  
The art to fight and kill ;  
But the Christmas bells were chiming  
“ Peace—peace, and all goodwill ! ”

He passed a bishop's palace ;  
A coach was at the door ;  
And He thought, “ But My disciples  
Were humble men, and poor.”

He passed a high cathedral  
Where priests in vestments fine  
Preached of God's power and mercy,  
His common love divine :

Then, leaving all that worship  
Of ordered pomp and pride,  
He came to a filthy hovel  
In which men lived and died.

And He said : “ Not Mine those people,  
But Mammon’s, and they sin,  
Forgetting My door’s too narrow  
For the rich to enter in ;

“ And in their costly churches  
I am—to bring them balm—  
But a painting on a window,  
A Name in prayer and psalm ;

“ In one so little lordly  
No equal friend they see :  
My follower hath his palace ;  
There is no place for Me ! ”

But then, beneath an archway,  
Half shielded from the snow,  
He found three sinners crouching  
Around a charcoal glow.

They saw His face, and hailed Him :  
“ Though we have nought to spare,  
Since you are poor as we are,  
Come, sit and eat your share.”

He blessed their bread and brake it,  
And 'neath His spell benign  
Their scraps were sweet and plenty  
And all their water wine.

So, while His pompous churches  
Were filled with praise and prayer,  
Christ sat amidst the outcasts  
And made His Christmas there.



## THE OLD WAY

THE New Year's green on the meadow,  
The world-old sun's in the blue,  
And the lark soars heavenward, singing  
As he sang when the world was new.

The nightmare dreamings of Winter,  
That lay on our lives like a blight,  
Are lost at once and forgotten  
In Spring's old laughter and light.

Far off, in the steeped city,  
The myriad voices blend  
In mean little wrangles and dogmas  
That Death puts right, at the end.

The deaf are asking the sightless  
The unseen path to disclose ;  
The wise are teaching the foolish  
The things that nobody knows.

And men make God in man's image,  
And curse and bless in His name,  
Or say we are gods incarnate  
And so may sin without shame.

But here, far off from the city  
And all its clamour and fret,  
I walk in the golden silence  
That holds God's secret yet.

However Life shifts and changes,  
Still, Death stands sure and fast,  
And yields to the taught and the teacher  
The same old truth, at last.

The New Year's green on the meadow,  
The world-old light's in the blue,  
And the lark goes out to the morning  
As he went when the earth was new.

## BATTLE MARCH OF THE PEOPLE

DAY is near, the dawn is breaking,  
And the souls of men are waking,  
Lords and kings of midnight's making  
    Pass like dreams away ;  
Farther spreads the gleam, and faster,  
Life for all grows fairer, vaster,  
None shall stoop to lord or master  
    In the light of day !

*Noble birth, with wealth for gilding,  
    Empty honours, emptier pride—  
From the world which men are building  
    Sweep these childish gauds aside ;  
Whilst we fight for Life and Justice,  
    We who once in serfdom trod,  
Banned by Church and State, our trust is  
    In ourselves, and God !*

Slaves, too long we saw our reaping  
Pass into our owners' keeping,  
Heard our hungry children weeping,  
    And they wept in vain ;  
Slaves, we toiled for lords of leisure,  
Ours the pain and theirs the pleasure,  
Ours to delve, and theirs the treasure,  
    Then—but ne'er again !

Nevermore we'll bear the burden  
Whilst the hand that goads the herd on  
Proudly steals the hard-won guerdon  
    Rightly ours alone ;  
No more praying, dumb and driven,  
Humbly, as our sires have striven,  
No more pleas for rights ungiven—  
    Now, we'll take our own !

Those, our fathers, scorned and broken,  
Died of wants and wrongs unspoken :  
Keep their memories for a token  
    Of the night that's past :  
Weaklings once, we're now the stronger,  
Fettered once, we're slaves no longer,  
Might is ours to make the wronger  
    Yield us right at last.

Not for kings, with gun and sabre,  
Man shall murder man, his neighbour,  
Comrades, all for each we'll labour,  
    Each shall strike for all ;  
Life has called us, Life has bade us  
Rise and live ! With right to aid us,  
By the living God who made us,  
    We'll obey the call !

## THE GOAL

WHETHER, at last, we reach a Heaven  
above

Or grope in sunless glooms of deepest  
Hell—

Is not the Lord of Life, whose name is  
Love,

Lord over Death as well ?

And some of us have need of only night,  
And some of day who here but dark-  
ness knew :

By darkness those shall burgeon, these  
by light,

As stars and lilies do :

The spirit marred by suffering and  
defeats

Will by the joy of Heaven be made  
whole ;

Whom the world's summers stifled with  
their sweets,

Hell shall restore his soul.

Nay, though the end were silence blind  
and drear—

A sleep untouched by dreams of any  
past—

Have we but braved this war of life to  
fear

That peace of Death at last ?



## POSSESSION

WHEN all my thoughts, far-ranging  
though they be,  
Are gathered up in one great thought  
of rest,  
And in my eyes you see  
Such light as wanes each evening from  
the west ;

When, calm with age, I hear a winter fill  
The trees with sighing ere their leaves  
are sere,  
And my hair whitens o'er, as darkness  
will,  
Touched by dim glimmerings of a Day  
that's near :

I shall not wish that God would give me  
back  
The past with all its hours of sun and  
rain,  
That I, in the old track,  
Might toil and live the long years  
through again ;

I shall go on, content, nor fret my heart  
With any thought of all I leave undone,  
Nor, having worked till night and played  
my part,  
Shall stoop to counting what is lost or  
won.

What can we win or lose but Life ? No  
powers,  
No pride nor pomp that wealth or birth  
can lend,  
Nothing of all is ours  
That we must lose for ever at the end.

This that is Me ; these made by Love  
alone  
Mine in that inner life which cannot  
die—  
Since this and these are all that is my  
own,  
I have lost nothing still whilst I am I.

## THE PATHLESS WAY

You will not love me for a day,  
    Though I have loved you all the year ;  
Your heart is deaf whene'er I pray,  
    Nor even knows that I am near.  
We meet as we have met before,  
    And touching hands are far apart :  
Though Love can bring me to your door,  
    I know no way to reach your heart.

But tossed on trackless seas the barque  
    Can find its road across the foam ;  
The bird will cleave the untrodden dark  
    Nor miss the path that leads to home ;  
And if I love you blindly yet  
    And dearer as the days go past,  
My heart may all its pain forget  
    And find the way to yours at last.

## THE LOST SPELL

TIME was, in far off summers  
Whose leaves have long been dead,  
A subtle charm of music—  
A mystic life—was shed  
Through all the earth beneath me  
And the heavens overhead.

The days were glad with sunshine,  
And earth and air were thrilled  
With life, whose voice was laughter,  
Whose joy was never stilled ;  
My heart was filled with singing  
As the world itself was filled.

The sky, a charmèd circle,  
Held earth in close embrace,  
Earth, like a ring of magic  
That moonlight fairies trace,  
Was round me : I within it  
Stood, the wizard of the place.

I sang no chaunt unholy,  
No subtle rune I wove,  
Yet there were unseen spirits,  
In street, and field, and grove,  
That waited on my footsteps  
As slaves upon one they love.

Before a wish could call them  
They came to me unsought,  
And golden dreams and fancies,  
And high and rapturous thought,  
And hope, and simple joyance  
Were the fairy gifts they brought.

The years that bring us knowledge  
Bring griefs that make us grey,  
And cares in summer weather,  
And wintry fears in May,  
But they bring us nothing, nothing  
Worth the youth they take away.

Earth is but clay, and Heaven  
A mirage over all,  
And now, those gracious spirits  
That once I held in thrall—  
No spell I weave can bring them,  
And they come not though I call.

Lost is the charm that round me,  
Where'er my steps might range,  
Once drew from earth and Heaven  
All glad things sweet and strange :  
Are earth and Heaven altered—  
Or is it I that change ?



## ESTRANGEMENT

So, then, to-day—for some few days, or  
years—

Perhaps for some few years—we say  
good-bye !

Yet, though we part as at the end of life,  
I do not fear but we shall meet again.

I think I know your heart still, and I  
think,

When you have calm for thought, you  
will know mine ;

And thus our differing pathways shall  
converge,

And bring us each to each again, at last.

—When we are sick and sad, and can  
forget

The sordid aims whose sorceries could  
raise

Envy and hate where only love had  
been—

When we are tired of changing newer  
friends

For newer, and still find them cold or  
false

And lose them with the veering of a  
wind—

Or find them friends indeed, but met so  
late,

So far beyond our youth, that every  
touch  
Of memory makes them strangers who  
but dwell  
Wintering in outer suburbs of our lives,  
Alien to joys and sorrows we have known,  
To those dear faces we shall know no  
more,  
To those dead hands that you and I have  
clasped,  
To all those buried hopes that once were  
ours—

In some such time of loneliness, at last,  
The past shall call us back, and we shall  
feel  
Its wistful fingers catching at our hearts :  
Then, when the years have broken down  
our pride,  
We shall remember all that we have lost  
And pause, forgetful of our smaller gains,  
And so return and, meeting in that past  
Where you nor I can ever live alone,  
Find the old doors still open when we  
come,  
The fire still glowing on the hearth we  
left,  
And memory, with forgiveness in her  
eyes,  
And the old love to bid us welcome home.

## THE ALIAS

LOVE pierced me with his sudden dart,  
And—I being dead—  
In him I used to be  
The happier spirit of me  
Rose out of sleep and dreams, dear heart,  
And lived instead.

The shadow dark against the sky,  
Is but a dove :  
As Love was Death divine  
To that first life of mine,  
Shall I not find, when next I die,  
That Death is Love ?

## THE RECOGNITION

THERE was no magic once in Shakes-  
peare's name ;

No place of pride was his beside the  
proud ;

No pomp of heraldry from trumpets  
loud

Rumoured his praise before him as he  
came :

He passed with little honour or acclaim,  
A common man among the common  
crowd ;

Yet was with lordship over life en-  
dowed,

And wears by right divine his crown of  
fame.

The greatest kings are never known as  
kings ;

The gods come not in shapes of power  
or dread,

But clothed in flesh, the sport of  
time and fate :

Not till they rise and go—some flash of  
wings,

Some sudden vision of the crownèd  
head,

Humbles our hearts, and makes us  
wise too late.

## THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES

THERE'S a little house in a little street  
A little way from the sea,  
And, O, when I'm weary of all the  
world  
It's there that I fain would be !

For the world is full of sorrow and care,  
And the darkness lies before ;  
And the little house is full of the dreams  
That were ours, but are ours no more.

In the little street, in the long ago,  
In the little house by the sea,  
We dreamed of the days that have had  
no dawn,  
Of the years that shall never be.

But you were young, and I was young,  
And we dreamed and had no care,  
And dearer and better than life has been  
Were the dreams that came to us there.

And so when I'm weary of all the world,  
Of its sordid hopes and its pain,  
I think of the little house that was ours,  
And sigh to be there again.



'Twere Heaven enough if we found our  
dreams,  
And dreamed them again, maybe,  
In the little house, in the little street,  
A little way from the sea.

## THE HEAVEN OF YESTERDAY

TIME had no wings when I was young ;  
Amid a world at play,  
He loitered where the hawthorn swung,  
And dreamed as if the sunlit day  
Could never pass away.

I sought to shake his idle glass,  
And chafed in boyhood's bands ;  
The golden moments used to pass  
More slowly than the golden sands  
Slid down within his hands.

No courier gloom of coming showers  
Blew shadowy up the sky ;  
I wearied of the lagging hours,  
And preened, with many a wistful sigh,  
The wings I yearned to try.

But now, while noon is at its height,  
A wind of twilight blows,  
And whispers of the coming night ;  
And the green earth that summer knows  
Forgets not last year's snows.

And Time, who slept when I would haste,  
Has wings now I have none ;  
His sands are common dust, and waste  
So swiftly that each day begun  
But flashes, and is done.

The poorest pleasure that we share  
Is richer than it seems ;  
We never know how jewel-rare  
Was yesterday, until it gleams  
Set in to-morrow's dreams.

Ah, let me wake from hopes and fears,  
When my last hour is told,  
Back in that Heaven of vanished years,  
Where Time still loiters as of old,  
And all his sands are gold !

## IN BONDAGE

So dear to me you are,  
    So dear—so dear,  
That Heaven is never far  
    When you are near ;  
So fain am I to see  
    Due worship at your shrine,  
That whom you love has love of me,  
    Who wins your hate has mine.

No worth of mine could buy—  
    Though I should live  
Nobly, and nobly die—  
    The gift you give.  
Your love is all I need ;  
    And, living thus in thrall,  
I that was poor am rich indeed,  
    I that had nought have all.

I sigh not as before  
    For pride or pelf,  
And I can now no more  
    Despise myself :  
The life I loathed of late  
    You throne all lives above,  
For I, who love not what you hate,  
    Can hate not what you love.

# THE LAST INTERLUDE

## I

THROUGH the long lane of tombs  
That are blurred by a sunny shower  
And shadowed and lit with glooms  
And gleams of tree and flower,

This that once lived we bear  
To the Chapel of the dead,  
And trestle our burden there  
Whilst the last prayers are read.

Sighs such as sorrow gives  
Are shrined in this Chapel dim ;  
We weep for the dead that lives—  
We that shall die like him.

Yet he is here no more :  
This that lies on the bier  
Is empty as, out by the door,  
The hearse that bore it here.

Within we weep and pray ;  
Without, where the day is theirs,  
The black hearse-horses neigh  
In laughters that mock our prayers.

## II

Back once more to the light  
We carry it, shoulder-high,  
That shut in its earthy night  
'Neath to-morrow's light shall lie

Deep where, delved in the soil,  
The grave yawns grim and wide,  
And the diggers, smeared from their toil,  
Stand waiting at either side.

Thus—(while from streets whose strife  
Islands this peaceful ground,  
Echoes of far-off life  
Float with an alien sound :

A coster's raucous hail,  
As he wheels through the populous way,  
An organ's chuckle and wail,  
Shoutings of children at play) :

—The slow procession dark  
Moves to the funeral toll ;  
And high up in Heaven a lark  
Sings, like a risen soul.



## IMMORTALITY

I THAT had life ere I was born  
    Into this world of dark and light,  
Waking as one who wakes at morn  
    From dreams of night :

I am as old as Heaven and Earth—  
    But sleep is death without decay,  
And since each morn renews my birth,  
    I am no older than the day.

Old though my outward form appears,  
    Though it at last outworn shall lie,  
This, that is servile to the years,  
    This is not I—

I, who outwear the form I take,  
    When I put off this garb of flesh,  
Still in immortal youth shall wake  
    And somewhere clothe my life afresh.

## THE CLOSED DOOR

AMID the crowd, I pace apart  
The way that I was wont to go  
Ere yet the years had taught my heart  
The things youth cannot know :  
I, ghost-like, here my footprints see  
On stones that have forgotten me.

Here, where I came each day at morn,  
Whence every night I homeward went,  
The best of all my hopes were born,  
And here their gold was spent :  
The street is filled with dreams of mine  
As some old flask with mellowing wine.

I found the world in this grey street,  
Nor yearned to roam with wearying feet  
In search of all that life can give,  
And die still seeking how to live ;  
All—all that life can give I found  
Within the city's narrower round.

I have not won the goal I sought ;  
Poor I shall live, and poor shall die ;  
But I am rich in joys unbought,  
In love that none can buy,  
In larger sight, that sees no loss  
In losing childish gauds and dross.

And passing the familiar door,  
Could I go in and thus once more  
Return into my past, and be  
Still as when last it closed on me—  
My losses so the years requite,  
I would not enter if I might.

## TRAVELLERS

COME, let us go a-roaming !  
Dear heart, the world is wide,  
And half its paths are still untrod,  
And half its joys untried.

The way that leads to winter  
Will lead to summer, too,  
For all roads end in other roads  
Where we may start anew.

Who, when Hope's dead, would linger  
To weep beside her bier,  
And let the shadow of a night  
Make darkness through the year ?

Life is not all unhappy  
Because the day has died :  
To-morrow waits behind the hill—  
Dear heart, the world is wide !

## FINIS

ONLY a week ago

We were dreaming, he and I,  
Under the starlit sky,  
With the village a-dream below,  
Its curtained windows here and there  
alight,  
Glimmering half asleep in the deep gulf  
of night.

“ They live, those plodding hinds ”—

He said in his eager way,

“ As day by drowsy day

And year after year unwinds—

They eat, and slave, and sleep, and meanly  
live

Such lives as God to worms, or trees, or  
sheep may give.

“ I could not stagnate here,

So cramped in this village fold,

Placidly growing old

Year by monotonous year :

I must be in the thickest of the strife,

Tasting the bitter salt, feeling the sting of  
Life.”

He laughed, and talked of Love ;

Talked like a happy god

Who need but wish, and nod,

Or lean from his heaven above

And speak the word to let his will be  
known,  
And all his heart desired should straight-  
way be his own.

“ Let’s be content and smile  
Whether we’re last or first,”  
I said, “ for, best or worst,  
It lasts such a little while :  
We who fail and lose, and you who have  
won  
Dance as our strings are pulled—and  
soon the play is done.

“ See how the strong grow weak,  
And how the young,” said I,  
“ Before the aged die,  
And the humble and the meek  
May carelessly inherit all the gain  
That mightier, haughtier spirits strove to  
grasp in vain ! ”

“ We are puppets, then ? ” he cried,  
“ Some subtle, capricious Fate  
Fashions us small or great ? ”  
And he flicked the thought aside :  
“ We are our own Fates—Life is ours,  
who still  
Can let it run to waste, or shape it as we  
will.”



Night's hooded shadows came  
And went, with silent tread ;  
He had been born, he said,  
For Power, and Wealth, and Fame ;  
No danger of the road could daunt his  
soul,  
Which bridged all gulfs that yawned  
betwixt him and his goal.

He saw to-morrow bright  
Before it dawned ; his hours  
Were sweet with next year's flowers  
A week ago. . . . To-night,  
The moon that snows the churchyard  
with her beams  
Heaps a new mound—and sleep has ended  
all his dreams.



1914

THE PACIFIST FIGHTS  
AGAINST WAR



## HYMN AFTER BATTLE

### I

LORD of the conquered land we gain,  
Lord of the foe our hands have slain !  
Glory to Thee amidst the dead  
That Thou hast still Thy people led  
And shattered thus, O Lord benign,  
This people that was also Thine.

Lord of our high, triumphant state,  
Lord of the hearths made desolate !  
Shall they not praise Thee, they that rue  
Beside those hearths the dead we slew ?  
Yea, at Thine altar let them bow,  
God of their dead and them art Thou !

Lord of our silence and our speech !  
While to Thy throne our hymns upreach,  
Surely each blackening wound that gapes  
Here in these broken human shapes  
Mouths but its praise of all Thy powers !  
Thou wert their God no less than ours.

### II

Yet is it well that we or they  
Remould our fathers' god of clay ?  
Yet is it well that from his sleep  
The savage in our blood should leap  
To flatter from this reeking sod  
Some memory of his primal god ?

Nay, we were best be mute and raise  
No blasphemy of boastful praise,  
Scatter no incense on the air,  
Nor lift our reddened hands in prayer,  
But dig the earth our steps defame  
And hide these trophies of our shame.

Silence the braggart lips that call  
The brute that slumbers in us all  
Back to the ravening triumph foul  
Of rending claws and bloody jowl!—  
Lest we forget the heights sublime,  
And lapse into our ancient slime.



## THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

To what loud triumph are they stirred  
Who in the peril took no part !  
While you, unhearing and unheard,  
Are on my lips a broken word,  
An aching thought within my heart.

Afar from home and me you lie,  
There where my feet shall never tread ;  
They say 'twas glorious thus to die  
(They do not love you, dear, as I)—  
I only know that you are dead.

Our babes still kneel beside my knee  
And lisp of you in nightly prayers,  
And marvel when my tears they see—  
I know not whose the gain may be ;  
I only know my loss and theirs.

Your praises flow from many a pen  
That, even while my grief is new,  
Shall pass to praise of other men ;  
They will forget your glory then—  
But I shall still remember you.

Your deeds are on their lips to-day ;  
They say for such a victory won  
'Twere good with life itself to pay ;  
But I, who loved you more than they,  
I only know your life is done.

To these who yield you with acclaim  
A glory that you never knew  
What are you but an empty name ?  
Their lives are longer than your fame,  
But I shall die remembering you.

## IN HOSPITAL

IN the long night-time, when the ward  
was chill

With sleeping faces very thin and  
white,

One lay in wakeful silence, wan and still,  
And waited for the light.

And as he lay and waited for the morn,  
And peered about the dim, familiar  
room,

The door into that glimmering place for-  
lorn

Gaped, and a Shadow entered through  
the gloom—

A shadowy shape that filled him with a  
vast,

Vague fear. It came in silence and  
alone.

Mutely it glanced from bed to bed, and  
passed,

But paused beside his own.

Paused, and looked down, and all his  
terrors fled ;

He grew as quiet and as restful now  
As if his mother stooped beside his bed,  
And laid her cool hand on his fevered  
brow.

And looking up into its eyes but seemed  
Like looking into hers that loved him  
so ;  
He heard old voices speak, as if he  
dreamed  
Of things of long ago.

And "What art thou," he asked the  
Shadow then,  
"Who comest so like memory old and  
dear  
That I, who feared thy coming, loved  
thee when  
I saw thine eyes and felt thy presence  
near ? "

Then, in the hush, an answering whisper  
saith  
(His child it was that answered, or his  
wife,  
Loved and long lost), "This is that  
Angel, Death,  
Whose name in Heaven is Life."

. . . And when the night was gone, and  
morning shed  
A sunny glory into all the place,  
They came and put the screen about his  
bed,  
And wondered at the smile upon his  
face.

## THE TRADESMAN'S CREED

No petty thought of business snares  
The cloistered hermit from his prayers :  
He, while the calm years wax and wane,  
Grows old as trees do, without pain,  
And at the last as gently dies  
As 'twere but sleep that closed his eyes.

The soldier never frets his heart  
With the mean cares of shop and mart :  
No base and cunning masks conceal  
His honest aim to stab and steal ;  
He meets his foeman on the plain  
And fairly slays him, or is slain.

But we who wilt in city airs  
Grow old of childish griefs and cares,  
We spend our health, our hope, our life  
In sordid and ignoble strife,  
And buy and sell and lose—and gain  
Nor peace nor glory for our pain.

The foes we fight with skulk unseen,  
For envy wears a friendly mien ;  
From whispered word and secret deed  
We suffer, though we do not bleed,  
Till, worn by trivial hates and jars,  
We die of wounds that leave no scars.

Yet not for only this, we trust,  
God called us out of sleep and dust  
And then within us brought to birth  
A spirit that is not of earth,  
But when this squalid life is past  
We may begin to live at last.

This life is not so dear a boon  
That we should fear to die too soon—  
The rather let us kneel and pray  
Its end may not be far away,  
And that the next life may be more  
Worth living and worth dying for !



## A LOST IDEAL

Now, when the day has withered from  
the skies,  
And the dark world, in midnight black  
and blind,  
Drops like a dead star through the  
rainy wind,  
What beaconing gleam within my soul  
can rise  
To lure me toward the untrodden  
Heaven which lies  
In that white, polar fastness of the  
mind  
We reach in dreams, but waking never  
find,  
If I no more may look into your eyes ?  
Stoop, then, that Heaven above me I  
may see,  
Lest I should stumble in the gloom  
and die :  
So far you seem above our pain and  
dearth,  
You may tread downwards many steps  
to me  
Before your feet shall touch the mire ;  
but I—  
My path is never higher than the  
earth.

# THE PATH OF PEACE

## I

O BROTHERS, though we fight in hostile  
powers,  
We covet not your country, nor you ours ;  
Too long we wrecked each other's life in  
vain ;  
Whoever won, not ours nor yours the  
gain ;  
We are the common people ; from of old  
We have been duped and driven, bought  
and sold,  
Ours but to blast each other down in  
hordes  
And thus exalt our Kaisers and our  
Lords ;  
Too long, an ignorant and a slavish folk,  
We humbly bowed and bore that blighting  
yoke,  
Bore it for ends we never understood,  
Obeyed our Masters—for our Masters'  
good ;  
But now (untaught, unlettered now no  
more)  
We are not the blind brutes we were of  
yore,  
Knowledge is sight—we know, and see,  
and feel,  
And may no more like dogs be brought to  
heel.

To-day, one War Lord's raw, barbaric  
laws

Leave us no choice : we rise in Freedom's  
cause

And sacrifice to her our fellow men  
On the hell-altars he has built again ;  
But when the task is done, and in our  
tread

We hear a bleak world weeping for its  
dead,

And see the hopes his blood-lust has  
abased,

The homes this shoddy Cæsar has laid  
waste,

O then, to saner, prouder manhood  
grown,

Shall we not hurl him from his pinchbeck  
throne ?—

Not now by priestly prayers, nor foolish  
pride

Of kingly state, is murder sanctified !—

O then, that squalid throne to ruin  
hurled,

Shall we not—we, the workers of the  
world,

The common peoples of all countries, find  
A kinship in our common humankind,

And, scorning childish cant of wealth and  
caste,

Join hands in one great brotherhood at  
last,

Subdue our Masters to that equal law,  
And rule ourselves, and make an end of  
War ?

Though our hearts ache, and darkness  
veils our eyes,  
Our sorrows are but angels in disguise,  
If from War's red field, when this strife  
shall cease,  
Blooms the white flower of Universal  
Peace.

## II

So, from far off, the listening spirit hears  
A music of the spheres ;  
Though heard too close, their sweet  
accord may round  
To one gross roll of sound.

And War, that with its thunderous gloom  
and gleam  
Storms through our days, may seem,  
By peaceful hearths, in some far-coming  
year,  
A music that was discord heard too near.

The soul of Beauty walks with aspect sad,  
And not in beauty clad ;  
And when God's angels come, their pass-  
ing by  
Blinds us like light too nigh.

But the too-dazzling day that dims our  
sight  
Leads us when all its light,  
Upgathered in Night's lifted hands afar,  
Orbs to the still perfection of a star.





1915

THE PACIFIST FIGHTS  
FOR PEACE



## A MAN OF PEACE

I do not hold with War myself ; it's  
foolish, and it's wrong !  
Though others urge their friends to strife  
with fiery speech and song,  
I'd sooner see them till the soil, and sow  
and reap and build,  
And die of something natural instead of  
being killed ;  
Yet when my country does get roused  
and plunges into sin,  
I don't cry "Peace !" but hold my own,  
or pray that she may win !

*It's not exactly what you'd call a real  
angelic plan ;  
But man is not an angel—and he won't  
be, while he's man.*

Don't stop to sing those pretty songs of  
victory or death,  
For whilst your hands are full of work  
it's best to save your breath.  
The poets will keep getting up before the  
fighting's through  
To strut and flap their wings and crow a  
cock-a-doodle-doo !  
But let us have *some* peace, say I, until  
we've thrashed the foe,  
Then, when there's nothing else to do, it  
will be time to crow.

I stood out dead against the War, but  
    once it was begun,  
I thrilled to read each gallant deed my  
    countrymen had done ;  
It warms me so within to know how  
    tough a foe we've got,  
I itch to take a gun myself and go and  
    have a shot !  
My brother men of peace are shocked and  
    pass me with a frown,  
But when my country's dander's up  
    mine *won't* keep lying down !

As long as earth is merely earth, and men  
    not more than men,  
It seems to me there's bound to be some  
    fighting now and then,  
For what is wrong or right depends upon  
    your point of view,  
The foe is always quite convinced he's  
    just as right as you,  
And therefore, if you want your rights,  
    there seems no kind of doubt,  
You've got to fight for what you want, or  
    want and go without !

*It's not exactly what you'd call a real  
    angelic plan ;  
But man is not an angel—and he won't  
    be, while he's man.*

## THE FAMILY PARTY

IN times of peace, when every wind  
blows fortune to them still,  
John Bull and all his kindred disagree,  
as families will :  
With wrath and hate in wild debate they  
shout each other down,  
And split up into parties for the People  
and the Crown ;  
But if a foe would part them, he is never  
long in doubt—  
It's " Rule Britannia ! " only, and they  
join to throw him out.

*When the struggle's once begun  
And the flag aloft is run,  
We're Britons then and brothers all until  
that fight is won.*

Beyond the Cheviots Sandy guards the  
Scotsman's separate fame,  
He won't be called an Englishman—he  
scorns the very name !  
And Pat across the Channel, in an island  
of his own,  
And Taffy, who's a Welshman, would as  
nations walk alone ;

And yet they stand four-square at once—  
one party all appear,  
And that's a family party, if a foe should  
interfere.

*Scot and Irish there is none,  
Welsh and English count as one,  
We're Britons all and brothers then when  
once the fight's begun.*

Let Britain in her hour of need her  
rallying bugle sound—  
Her sons 'neath Australasian skies, on  
far Canadian ground,  
By India's streams or Africa's shall hear,  
where'er they roam  
And, drawn from all the ends of earth  
with kindling thoughts of home,  
Shall arm and answer to the call and  
come where danger lours  
To stand beside us in the name that's  
theirs as well as ours.

*Side by side shall sire and son  
Hold the Empire they have won :  
We're brothers then and Britons all until  
the fight is done.*



## HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

*(With apologies to Burns)*

IN heavenly majesty arrayed  
I walk the world which Thou hast made :  
Haste, mine old Ally, to my aid,  
Support me still !  
Thy Will should always be obeyed,  
And I'm Thy Will.

My godless foemen stand at bay  
Ignoring what the proverbs say,  
Or thus upon my road to-day  
I should not tarry :  
The Will is here, but where's the Way,  
For me, to Paris ?

I love the spots where Thou dost dwell,  
And Rheims, Louvain and Malines fell  
Because, Thou know'st, in doing well  
I would not falter,  
But strove to place my shot and shell  
Upon Thy altar.

Slighting Thy words, the impious crew  
Maligned me when their babes I slew  
In Belgium, and at Scarborough too :  
Thy words anent them—  
“ Suffer the little ones— ” I knew,  
And so I sent them.

Though I must burn and slay and maim  
To spread our German light and fame,  
They do blaspheme who brand with shame  
    My deeds of pride,  
For since I do them in Thy name,  
    They're sanctified.

I so love Freedom, I admit,  
That I want all there is of it ;  
And when I've gathered bit by bit  
    Till, blessed but gory,  
All nations 'neath my bondage sit—  
    Be Thine the glory !

Grant that mere victory may be mine !  
And for Thy shattered fanes benign,  
For myriads butchered as a sign  
    Christ reigns again,  
The praise and glory all be Thine,  
    Amen, amen !

## JOHN'S JACK

Now, Jack's the salt we like to pass, we  
call him ours with pride,  
Our tar, who goes to pitch upon the ocean  
wild and wide,  
He takes the palm as handy man while  
sailing with the fleet,  
He's just as handy when ashore, and  
never knows defeat ;  
If Mr. Atkins finds his foes too many and  
too slim,  
Then Jack's the lad to take the odds—  
they make no odds to him ;  
So when the nation's in a fix it knows the  
thing to do,  
And calls on Jack, the handy man, to  
come and pull it through.

*So men of every party,  
Here in town,  
All toast you, Jack, my hearty,  
Here in town ;  
Your pluck does so endear you  
To the folk whose thoughts are near you,  
That we bare our heads and cheer you,  
Here in town.*

John Bull may be a business man, as  
foreign critics hold,  
And smart at running shops and marts,  
and good at making gold,  
But when the fitting time has come he  
shows them, now and then,  
That John, the money-maker, has a trick  
of making men ;  
When Jack's away upon the deep and  
Tommy's on parade,  
He feels that Mr. Atkins is the finest man  
he's made ;  
When Tommy is not present and the  
handy man comes back,  
John swears he never made a man more  
perfect than his Jack !

For Jack, ahoy ! my manly boy, your  
valour none withstands ;  
You've shown them in the North Sea  
that you're handy with your hands ;  
The Germans hide in Kiel Canal when  
you go forth to cruise,  
And groan, " These brutal British, they  
are giving us the blues ! "  
They've had a little taste of you, and  
found it much too much,  
They found each tar a tartar and the very  
cream of such,

And yet they praise the chivalry that  
spared them when they fell,  
For though you are the worst of foes, you  
are the best as well.

*So, Jack, in many a free row,  
Here in town,  
We'll hail you as a hero,  
Here in town ;  
Where'er the years may find you,  
You will face the foes assigned you  
Backed by friends you've left behind you  
Here in town !*

## CHRIST IN THE TRENCHES

THE shrapnel screams above us, bursts  
above us,

The trench is deep in water and in mire,  
The roaring shells scar the green earth  
and scatter

Their storms of lead and fire.

Whilst here a comrade falls and peace is  
with him,

And there another drops and moans in  
pain,

All day we crouch beneath the fiery  
tempest,

And wait amidst the wounded and the  
slain.

Ah, God, I brood, ev'n I who love my  
fellows,

I who have preached the brotherhood  
of men

And dreamed an age was near when War  
should never

Befoul Thy world again—

Ev'n I have heard the call and, armed  
for slaughter,

Am here to fight, as in an earlier day



My savage forbears joined in feeble  
battles ;  
But with no hatred for the men I slay.

My hate is for the power that skulks  
behind them,  
The proud, brute force that meanly  
works behind,  
And with these lowlier folk for sword and  
buckler  
Seeks to enslave mankind.

How could I stay supine and see that  
tyrant,  
With iron hoofs, with bestial greed and  
base,  
Trample our hearts' most sacred aspira-  
tions,  
The common hope of all our human  
race ?

For lesser cause of old Thy saints and  
martyrs  
Unflinching gave their bodies to the  
flame  
And died for Freedom ! If like them we  
perish,  
We triumph in Thy name.

. . . Now the fierce rage of Death that  
roars around us

Grows less and less till, at the quick  
command,  
I peer above the trench--and, lo, the  
foemen  
Swarming in hosts across the ravaged  
land !

I fire into their serried ranks relentless,  
To slay—not men, my brothers, but  
those powers  
That, strong in them, would spread the  
reign of darkness  
And are their foes, and ours.

We fight that earth may know such peace  
and freedom  
As cannot live beneath a tyrant's rod,  
To end the soulless rule of sword and  
shrapnel,  
Or die, and fall into the hands of God.

. . . So as I muse and fire on those  
advancing,  
I feel a movement near, and turn my  
head :  
Who stoops beside me in the trench, and  
touches  
My comrade that is dead ?

A Stranger, wan of feature, sad and  
gentle ;  
Such light as glimmers pale in earliest  
morns  
Shines from Him, and His eyes are filled  
with pity,  
His brow is scarred as with the fret of  
thorns.

But though His eyes be dark with pain  
and pity,  
For sorrow veils the glory of His face,  
He lifts the gun from the dead grasp, and,  
rising,  
Fires in my comrade's place.

. . . And naught there seemed for  
doubt, and naught for wonder :  
Be sure the strong and righteous hand  
that hurled  
The money-changers from His sullied  
Temple  
Shall scourge the brood of hell from  
all His world.

## A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

DEAR NELL,—

I dreamt last night (it's

queer

To sleep through all this noise of shells),  
And soft and clear I seemed to hear

The chiming of your Christmas bells :  
At home, thinks I, the fire's aglow ;

They've hung the holly on the walls,  
And some to balls and parties go—  
(Out here the only balls we know  
Are cannon balls !)

I'm glad if folks at home delight

To read the rhymes the poets sling  
(Perhaps it's right, while some must fight,  
That those who do not fight should  
sing),

But more than glad to hear them tell

How friends are paying good and true  
For those that Tommy's left (for, Nell,  
The Germans here shell out as well,  
And freely too !).

Though once we scorned our foes as such,  
And called them less than human then,  
We've found these Germans pretty much  
The same as other fellow-men ;

They're mortal, if they're not divine,  
More brutal, some, than men should be ;  
And I suppose their kids will pine  
And cry for them—as yours and mine  
Would cry for me.

And life, thinks I, is none too long  
That we should want to cut it short ;  
We must be strong to conquer wrong,  
And right is often dearly bought ;  
(The earth is billowed hereabout,  
Where friend and foe lie stark and still,  
And only in my dream, no doubt,  
The Christmas bells this year rang out  
“ Peace and Goodwill ! ” )

Yet, dear or cheap, to fight and win,  
That's the first right a Tommy knows :  
We turned again, when dawn came in,  
With fire and steel upon our foes.  
And “ Charge ! ” the bugle screamed, and  
we  
Were out and on them, swift and grim,  
And every German I could see,  
It's either him, thinks I, or me—  
*So it was him !*

## A SONG IN WINTER

A ROBIN sings on a leafless spray,  
    *Hey-ho, winter shall go !*  
Sunlight shines on the desolate way,  
    And under my feet  
    I feel the beat  
Of the world's heart that never is still,  
    Never is still,  
Whatever may stay.

Life out of death as day out of night,  
    *Hey-ho, winter will go !*  
In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,  
    A tremulous sheen  
    Of budding green,  
Then, silent, the dawn of summer breaks,  
    As morning breaks  
On valley and height.

The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows  
    back,  
    *Hey-ho, winter shall go !*  
Though heaven be screened by a cloudy  
    rack,  
    It rains, and the blue  
    Comes laughing through ;  
And, cloud-like, winter goes from the  
    earth,  
    Goes from the earth,  
That flowers in its track.



Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,  
    *Hey-ho, winter will go !*  
Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,  
    And under my feet  
    I feel the beat  
Of the world's heart that never is still,  
    Never is still,  
Whatever may stay.

## BRITAIN'S WAY

THERE'S a stir in every street,  
Like the sound of hearts that beat—  
Every road that leads from England  
Pulses with the tramp of feet :  
Who are these that without stay  
Down the dark and dusty way  
Of the Valley of the Shadow  
March with faces toward the day ?

These are they who, called to arms,  
Rose from shops and desks and farms—  
Men of Peace while Peace was with us,  
Men of War at War's alarms !  
Swift the warning message ran  
To the Empire's farthest span,  
And they rose for England's honour,  
Armed for love of God and Man !

They have nothing there to gain  
On the thunderous battle plain  
But the saving of the nations  
That a tyrant would enchain ;  
They have seen the wrongs he wrought,  
And, undriven and unbought,  
Go to fight again for Freedom,  
As of old their fathers fought.

Let the wordy War Lord boast  
Of his mighty vandal host,  
    He shall end the Day he drank to  
In the Night he did not toast !  
He and all his ravening race,  
Brutes primeval, blonde and base,  
    Have outlived their barbarous era  
And are passing to their place.

From the Britains oversea  
That have never bent the knee  
    At the throne of any tyrant  
Come the cohorts of the free :  
They are with us to defend  
All the Prussian Lord would rend,  
    And we've sworn an oath together  
That his reign of blood shall end.

By the children he has slain,  
By the patience and the pain  
    Of the Christ whose Laws he tramples  
And Whose Word he takes in vain,  
By the God he dare not trust,  
We will curb his ruthless lust,  
    Break his pride and power for ever,  
Leave him humbled in the dust.

At his blighting nod or frown  
Church and cottage, thorpe and town  
    Crash in ruin—and in ruin  
Shall his glory thus go down :

We will match his mightiest guns  
And outnumber all his Huns

With our surely gathering millions,  
Freemen all, and freemen's sons.

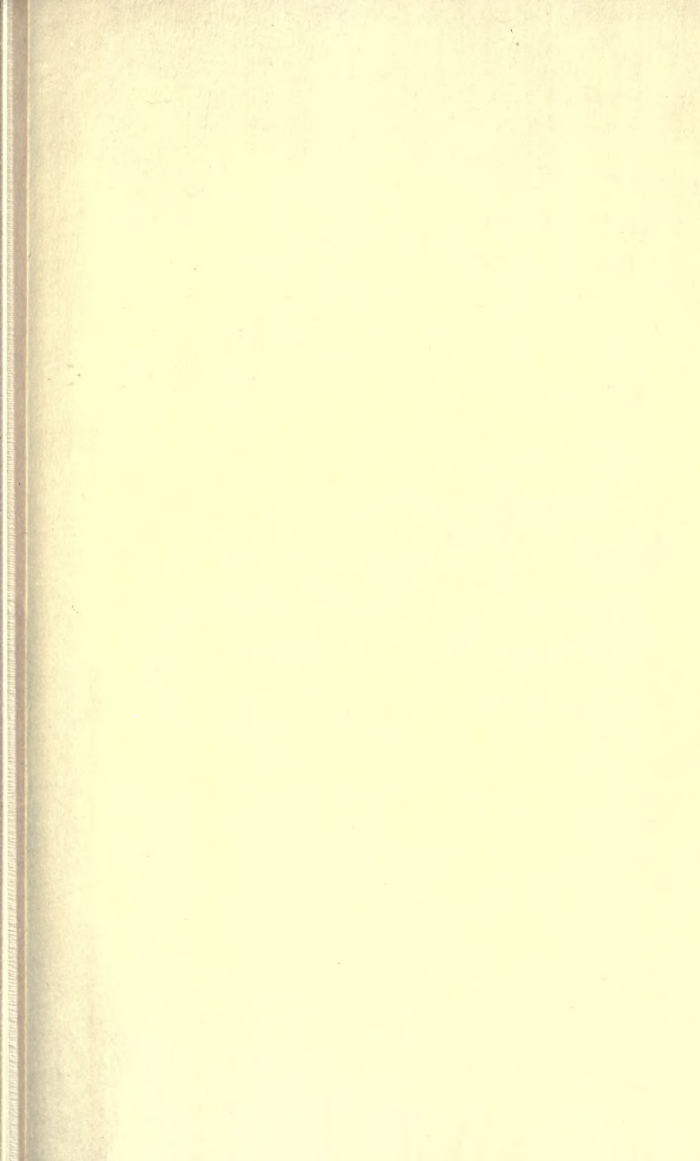
Listen—listen ! Day and night,  
Through the dark and through the light,  
From the homes of all the Empire  
Rolls the sea of England's might :  
Hear the fateful surge and boom  
Of its tide across the gloom  
Rising, rising still—and, risen,  
It shall sweep him to his doom.

THE END.











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